A SHILLING OR, The Trauailes of Twelue-pence.

TO ALL THOSE THAT HAVE BEENE, ARE, WILL, OR WOVLD BE, Masters of a SHILLING OR TWELVE-PENCE.

SIR Iohn Mandeuill, *an Englisſh Knight, a famous Trauailer, and diſcouerer of forraigne Maners, Regions, and Rarieties*; Chriſtopher Collumbus, Magellane, Hernando Cortez, Don Diego de Almagro, Drake, Hawkins, Frosbuſhir, Baskeruile, Cauendiſh, *and many more worthy Trauailers of our owne and other Nations, whoſe honourable, dangerous, and laudable atchieuements, haue made their meritorious names to be Recorded, to the admiration of the time paſt, preſent, and to future poſterity: yet if*

To the Reader.

it be well considered, it will plainely appeare, that all their laborious endeuours had an end with their liues: But the Trauailer that I treate of, the Thrice-trebble-tryumphant Troynouantine Twelue-pence, *is like a perpetuall motion in continuall trauell, to whose iourney there can be no end, vntill the world come to a finall dissolution and period. For the progresse of* Coriat *was but a walke in regard of my* Shillings *perambulations: and if all the Inke and Paper-murdering fictions should be true of* Amadis de Gaule, Huon, *Sir* Egre, Beuis, Guy, *the* Mirrour of Knighthood, *the* seauen Champions, Chinon, *Sir* Dagonet, Triamore, Launcelet, Don Spatterlash *of* Toledo, Monsieur Mallegrindo, *Knight of the frozen Ile: If it were possible that all their lyes should be true, of the great Trauels of these imaginarie and neuer seene worthies, yet must they all come short of the praise that is due to my trauelling* Twelue-pence. *I could haue busied my braines about*

To the Reader.

about many other Subiects, as quick Epigrams, *biting* Satyres, *ſharpe* Iambicks, *ſoothing* Elegies, *pleaſant* Paſtorals, Odes, Madrigalls, *or* Roundelayes; *alluring* Sonnets, *flattering* Epithalamiums, *or lying* Epitaphs, Panegericks, *or name-ſeruing* Acroſticks, *and* Annagrams, *lofty* Tragedie, *lowely* Comedie, *ridling* Morrall, *or ſtately* Heroicks: *either of all theſe I could haue poorely handled, but that my Muſe ſtumbled by chance vpon this* Twelue-peny *ſubiect, wherein I would haue the Reader to conſider, that in ſome places I ſpeak only of a* Shilling *or* Twelue-pence, *and in ſome places generally of* Money. *I haue ſet downe the manner of my* Shillings *ſhifting of Maſters, more often then the Serieants do; for they vſe the old Sheriffs like Almanacks out of date, and yearely ſerue the new: but* Twelue-pence *hath ſometimes* 12. 16. *or* 20. *Maſters in a day. In a word (Reader) I doe not beg your fauour, craue your acceptance, entreat your kindnes, implore*

To the Reader.

your loue, or requeſt your friendſhip; for it is not any of theſe in particular that I ſeeke or care for: but generally at all I ayme, and for all I hope, and being in that hope, I leaue you to Reade and Iudge of my inſuing Labours, and my Twelue-pences *Trauels.*

Yours, as you
pleaſe to be mine,

IOHN TAYLOR.

THE TRAVELS
OF
Twelue-pence.

Imagine Reader (to his griefe and glory,) (story:
Twelue-pence *himselfe declares his wand'ring*
Relating how he first was borne and bred,
And how about the world he Trauailed.

IF any one (as I dare boldly dare) (clare:
His Birth, his Breeding, and his Life de-
Let him appeare, & I dare lay my neck
He wilbe hang'd, or else deserue a check.
From vast *America's* rude barbarous bounds,
From rocky barren soyle, and sterrill grounds,
Where men did not their great Creator know,
And where the *Deuil's* the *God* to whom they bow,
There from my Heathen *Dam*, or *mother Earth*
With paines and trauaile, I at first had birth.

A hun-

No mã da confesse h whole life actions, as twelue-pe doth.

**Where th best metta doe grow, Earth is n barren, wh is an Emb that they t hoord or h money, barren of fruits of go nesse.*

A hundred ſtrong men-midwiues, digg'd their way
Into her bowels, to finde where I lay (matters,
With Engines, Spades, Crowes, Mattocks, and ſuch
They ripp'd & tore her harmleſſe wombe to tatters,
And but they did within the mid-way catch me,
They would haue dig'd to Hell it ſelfe to fetch me.
At laſt they found me, mixt with dirt and droſſe,
Corruption vnrefin'd, eclipſt my Gloſſe,
And from the Earth I in the fire was tride,
And into Ingots purg'd and purifide.
From * *Paphlagonia*, ſome my birth doe count,
Neere *Sandracurgium*, a moſt famous Mount,
And that poore Slaues which were condemn'd to dye,
Were forc'd to digge for me laboriouſly,
Whereas the dampiſh Mines infecting ayre
Kill'd the poore wretches, and ſo eas'd their care.
Some ſay that * *Menes*, an *Egiptian* King,
Me to the ſhape of Coyne, at firſt did bring:
But when they ſaw that people, greedily
For me did runne into all villany,
The Prieſts did curſe the King, that firſt inuented
Me, that ſo many wayes their mindes tormented.
For till they knew me, they affirmed true,
No Enuie, Pride, or Auarice they knew.

Purchaſe. Polidore irgil. Me- es *might* *the firſt* *uenter of* *yne in E-* *pt, yet not* *a Tweluc-* *nce, but I* *inke money* *as in* ains *time,* *I am ſure* *t* Abra- *m bought* *ſe'd for bu-* *all with* *oney.*

Thus

# of Twelue-pence.

Thus with great labour, and the death of men
I firſt was borne, and afterwards agen
He that to Money did conuert me firſt,
Was by the Prieſts and People, bann'd and curſt.
With blood and curſes I at firſt began,
And euer ſince haue beene a curſe to man.
Yet for me ſome excuſes may be ſhowne
The name of *Twelue-pence*, was as then not knowne,
Diuerſity of Coynes o're all the world
Were ſcatter'd vniuerſally, and hurld,
In Courts, in Citties, and in warlike Campes
E're I was made, they all vs'd other ſtamps.
There were ſome *Sicles*, ſome *Meruiades*,
An *As*, a *Drachma*, a *Seſterties*,
Quadrins, *Sextanes*, *Minaes*, (it appeares)
Didrachmaes, and *Sportullas*, and *Denieres*.
My name at firſt did from the Romanes come,
(As *Cooper* ſayes) they call'd me *Sollidum*,
Or from a Souldier it was named thus,
(As 'twere his daily wages) *Sollidus*.
For though the Times are ſubiect to mutation,
Yet from *Söldatus* I haue nomination:
Thus *Twelue-pence* hath an ancient Warriour bin,
Although men know not when I did begin.

* *A ſmall piece of Spaniſh Coyne, ſixe of them to an Engl. penny.*

And

And by experience all the world can tell,
Soldatus doth loue *Sollidus* ſo well,
That alwayes euery Souldier is vnwilling,
Long to be kept aſunder from a *Shilling*,
If he doe want me, a moneth, two, * or three,
Hee'll grumble, and goe neere to Mutinie.
He hath no minde to draw his ſword and fight,
But (diſcontented) bids the warres good-night.
When let but *Sollidus* come to his hand,
Hee'll fight as long as he can goe or ſtand,
Regarding nor remembring child or wife,
Hee'll hazard and endanger limb and life:
And thus by way of argument 'tis pend,
A *Shilling* is a Souldiers loued friend.
A *Shilling's* much more auntient then a pound,
And in pronouncing giues a better ſound:
As for example; which is moſt mouth-filling
Of fifty pounds, or of a thouſand ſhilling,
A thouſand pounds, may make the accent rore,
But twenty thouſand ſhillings ſoundeth more.
Thus of two ſillables, I am compacted,
When into one the pounds are all extracted.
The Germane *Dollors* are my *Iuniers* farre,
So are the *Copeſticks* of the *Brabander*.

Souldiers ...ing their ...y will want ...d will to ...rue.

The

# of Twelue-pence.

The Spaniſh *Royall*, piece of *foure* and *eight*,
On me for my antiquity may waite:
The *Floren*, *Guelder*, and French *Cardeeue*
To me are vpſtarts, if Records be true,
The *Groſh*, * *Potchandle*, *Stiuer*, *Doyte*, and *Sowſe*
Compar'd with me, are all ſcarce worth a Lowſe:
Nor can the *Atcheſon* or the *Baubee*
For my antiquity compare with me.
The halfe Crowne is on horſeback mounted hie,
Yet neuer trauail'd halfe ſo farre as I;
The Scottiſh Mark's a dang'rous piece of Coyne,
'Tis iuſt a hanging price, if one purloyne,
There's no ſuch hazard in the ſtealing mee,
I am three halfe-pence lower in degree.
And as in pence I for a Iury ſtand,
I haue eleuen Coynes vnder my command:
And (to grace all the reſt) my proper ſelfe,
Like a Graund Iury-man make vp the Twelfe.
But for men ſhall not thinke I bragge or prate,
Thoſe whom I doe command I'le nominate. (me,
Nine pence (three quarters) with his Harpe befriends
And ſixe pence with halfe ſeruice ſtill attends me,
The foure pence halfe-penny next comes fidling on,
The Groat my third part doth depend vpon:

* *A braſſe piece of Bohemian coyne twelue of them to a penny.*

The Anatomy of twelue pence or a ſhilling.

The

The Trauels

The three-pence is a quarter wayter ſtill,
The two pence in ſixe parts attends my will,
Three halfe-pence ſtoopes to my commanding ſway,
And eight of them at once doth me obay:
The ſingle pence are all my little Cozens,
And doe attend my ſeruice by the dozens.
Three farthings by ſixteenes attend in plenty,
And halfe-pence to the ſumme of foure and twenty,
And laſt (for Pages) on my State doth waite,
Of dapper farthing Tokens forty eight.
But ere I did attaine my ſhape and forme,
I 'abid the brunt of many a furious ſtorme;
For this the world I would haue well to wot,
Mine honour was with paines and danger got.
I paſt the raging Seas and flaming fire,
And gain'd a Face and Croſſe for all my hire:
It would almoſt diſſolue a heart of flint,
To be ſo vs'd as I was in the Mint:
The paines of Purgatory cannot be
But fictions to thoſe things that fell on me.
For what I did endure, had man but felt,
It had (like Kitchinſtuffe) haue made him melt.
Then my Tormentors, all at once agrees
From my great heat, to let me coole or freeze,

And

of Twelue-pencee.

And dead and cold, me then againe they martir'd,
Me all in pieces they becut and quartir'd,
Weighing the mangled mammocks, they pronounce — *Fiue Shillings weigh an ounce.*
That fiue of me in weight ſhould be an ounce.
Then to the Anuile was I brought in haſt,
Whereas with Hammers they did me bumbaſt,
And there they neuer left belab'ring mee,
Vntill they brought me to the ſhape you ſee.
Thus I mine honour, and my forme did win,
Through many dreadfull dangers I was in.
And though there ſcarce doth memory remaine,
What I was e're the ſixt King *Edwards* raigne,
Yet long before his time I was in value,
As read in good true written Stories ſhall you.
My ſtamp (when *Rome* did keepe the world in awe)
Was foure ſwift Steedes that did a Chariot draw,
Which figur'd, that I too and fro ſhould runne
An endleſſe Iourney that would nere be done.
I am made endleſſe, round, which doth portend,
Till the world end, my Iourney ne're ſhall end.
And men may plainely in my roundneſſe ſee,
An Emblem of the worlds rotundity.
Round is the Globe, round is the Hemiſphere,
Round runs the Moon and Sun, each month and yeere:

Round

The Trauels

Round ran the Empire from th' *Assirian* Kings,
Round vnto *Persia*, *Greece*, and *Rome* it flings,
Round to great *Britaine*, it is come I know,
Whence (hem'd round with the Sea) it cannot goe.
But the maine cause that makes it stay and stand,
Is where 'tis guarded by th' Almighties hand.
Round from the North to East, to South and West,
All Arts haue still ranne round 'tis manifest.
The *Iewes*, th' *Egiptians*, *Calaies*, *Persians*,
Deuis'd Arts, and were *Astrologians*,
And true experience doth approue it thus,
Their knowledge is runne round from them to vs.
The age of man goes round, a child at first,
And like a child returnes vnto his dust.
His body and his limbs, his eyes, his head,
All in round formes are made and fashioned,
The roots, the fruits, the flowers, and the Trees,
All in a round conformity agrees,
Our drinking healths run *round*, with nimble quicknes
Vntill at last to many healths brings sicknes:
VVhen store of money to mens hands doe come,
They say they haue receiu'd a good *round* summe;
And when a man doth take a Knaue vp soundly,
'Tis said he told him of his faults most *roundly*.

of Twelue-pence.

The Hang-man hangs a Traytor, or a Thiefe,
And is about his buſineſſe *round*, and briefe.
Round are the diſhes where we put our meate,
Our Cups, wherein we drinke, are round compleat:
Round is our Butter, round our Cheeſes are,
Round are the cloathes which on our backs we weare,
Beaſts, fowles and fiſh, that euery where abound,
Are (for the moſt part) euery where made round.
Round are all wedding Rings, implying ſtill,
Mens cares runne round, like horſes in a Mill.
Thus hauing plainely ſhew'd, why, and wherefore
I am made round, now to my taske once more.
About my circle, I a Poeſie haue,
The Title, God vnto the King firſt gaue.
The circle that encompaſſeth my face,
Declares my Soueraignes Title, by Gods grace.
Vpon my other ſide is, * POSVI DEVM,
Whereto is added ADIVTOREM MEVM.
The which laſt Poeſie Annagrammatiz'd,
Wiſedome, admit me power, true compriz'd,
Wiſedome at firſt vpon me did beſtowe
Such power that for a *Shilling* I ſhould goe,
When *Wiſedome gaue me power*, I was then
A ſeruant, not a Maſter vnto men.

* *In Engli*
I haue put
placed) G
my helpe
* *Annagra*
of the Lat
Motto of
Poſui, *p'a*
into Eng'ſ
words, W
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The Anna-
'am turn'd
ckward,
iſedome
mes behind
oney.

Now, *Power* * *makes me Wiſedome* force perforce
Improper, like the Cart before the Horſe.
For in this Age, ſo many friends I finde,
My power's before, and Wiſedome comes behinde.
He that for *me* and for my kin can rake
Is wiſe, (although a Coxcomb) for my ſake,
He that wants me, ſhall be eſteem'd an Aſſe,
Although he be as wiſe as e're man was.
For there's ſuch league, one in Triplicity
Sworne firme betwixt the Deuill, the world, and I,
That thoſe who to the one true ſeruants bee,
Are captiue bondſlaues vnto all the three.
Great ſway vpon the earth to vs is giuen,
For well we know we ne're ſhall come in heau'n,
And all that in vs take delight and mirth,
Their onely heau'n is here vpon the earth.
And couetous they are not, in this caſe,
Becauſe they couet for no better place;
So much for that: now to my ſhape againe,
You ſee my face is beardleſſe, ſmooth and plaine,
Becauſe my Soueraigne * was a child, 'tis knowne
When as he did put on the Engliſh Crowne.
But had my ſtamp beene bearded, as with haire,
Long before this it had beene worne out bare;

King Edw.
as crowned
nine yeares
age, and
ed before
was 16.

For

of Twelue-pence.

For why with me the vnthrifts euery day,
With my face downewards do at ſhoue-boord * play,
That had I had a beard, you may ſuppoſe
Th'had worne it off, as they haue done my noſe.
Yet doth my bare face ſometimes, now and than
Make a young beardleſſe Boy, outface a man,
For any Boy and I, doe both agree,
To outface any man that doth want me.
A croſſe * I beare vpon my other ſide,
(A glorious figure of true Chriſtian pride)
And with that croſſe I any man can croſſe
From wrong to iniury, from harme to loſſe,
And in me is ſuch working powerfulneſſe,
That thoſe that haue me, can both croſſe and * bleſſe.
The *Engliſh*, and *French* Armes, the Lyons & flowres
Shewes *Fraunce* a ſubiect once to *Englands* powres,
And when my Maſter did reſpire his breath,
His ſiſters *Mary*, and *Elizabeth*
Ordain'd new Twelue-pences with me to ioyne,
But altred not my badge vpon my Coyne,
Except a little which King *Philip* did,
Which Queene *Elizabeth* did ſoone forbid.
But ſince the comming of my Soueraigne *Iames*,
The Badge vpon my * back more worth proclaimes:

* Edw. ſh
lings for
moſt part
are vſed a
ſhoone-boo

* Vpon t
Croſſe of
Twelue-
pence.

* Heere
meane ge
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twelue p

* K. E
Q. Mar
Qu. E
& K Ia
all thei
lings of
weighe

 And

And to mixe ſtate with truth, truth with delight,
Vpon the armes I carie, thus I write.

Vpon the Kings Armes.

THree *Lyons* Paſſant (borne by former Kings)
Subdues the* *Harp*, quarters the* *flowers* of* *France*
Fourth Lyon Rampant, equall honour brings,
Though hauing power to warre doth peace aduance,
Vnited in great *Iames* this Royall ſtile,
King of great *Britaine*, *Fraunce*, and *Irelands* Ile.

Thus Readers, hauing printed for your reading,
My birth, my riſing, my eſtate, and breeding:
My Badge, my face, my Croſſe, my Annagram,
How mighty in my great command I am,
Now will I tell ſome trauels I haue had,
And humors of my Maſters, good and bad,
Some (as I can remember) I'le recite)
Should I name all, 'twere almoſt infinite.

ONE ask'd the *Cinnick* wiſe *Athenian*,
The cauſe why ſiluer look'd ſo pale and wan:
He, in reply was quick, and anſwer'd ſtraite,
Becauſe ſo many for it lay in waite.
And did men thinke in what diuerſity
Of faſhions men for me in waite doe lye,

They

They would agree together in a tale,
That I had reaſon to looke wan and pale.
I haue of Treaſon, bin made Inſtrument
To betray Kingdomes, and to circumuent,
To vndermine, and to ſubuert the ſtates
Of Empires, and of mighty Potentates.
I haue caus'd murder, cruell *Homicide*,
Foule *Fratricide*, vnnaturall *Paricide*.
For which a curſe doth vnto me remaine
A Runnagate, and Vagabond like *Caine*.
And though that God, in thund'ring Maieſtie
Forbad man to haue any Gods but he,
Yet many thouſands that commaund forget,
Not minding God, their mindes on me * they ſet.
To purchaſe me, men haue forſworne and ſworne,
And from the Booke of life their names haue torne.
For me the Sabaoth is prophan'd with workes
Of Chriſtians labours, worſe then Iewes or Turkes.
For me thoſe Parents that haue nurſt and bred
Their Children, by them are diſhonoured,
For to haue me (to endleſſe ioy or woe)
Some children care not where their Fathers goe.
I with the deu'ls ſole helpe (my ſole partaker)
Haue bin an vniuerſall *Cuckold*-maker:

Twelue p[illegible] is at ſhrif[illegible]

** On mon[illegible]*

For where nor wit, or beauty could come in
In any ſhape I could admittance win,
I make the Husband ſometimes keepe the dore,
The whil'ſt for me) his wife doth play the whore.
And many times (to moue all hell to laughter)
I made a Mother Bawde vnto her daughter.
I forc'd a Virgine, caſt off continence
And Chaſtity, and put on Impudence.
I made a reuerend Iudge to take a Bribe,
I made a Scribe a forged Name ſubſcribe,
I caus'd a Miſer ſell his ſoule to hell,
Becauſe I here on Earth with him ſhould dwell.
And eighteene yeares he kept me day and night
Lock'd in a Cheſt, not ſeeing any light.
And though my lot was thus a Slaue to be,
Yet was he a farre worſer Slaue to me;
For he had vow'd himſelfe to death to pine,
Rather then ſpend one penny pot of wine,
Although he late had ſwallow'd downe his throat,
Stinking freſh Herrings threeſcore for a Groat.
And he did bide this ſlauiſh miſery,
On purpoſe to debarre my liberty.
At laſt this poore rich, baſe penurious Knaue,
Was borne (the way of all fleſh) to his Graue:

of Twelue-pence.

And his braue heire, vpon his backe had got
A mourning merry ſute, long look'd I wote,
He the next day let flie the ill got treaſure,
And I began to ſee ſome worldly pleaſure;
From my old Maſters Cheſt, I was aſſum'd
To my young Maſters Pockets, ſweet perfum'd,
'Ta bawdy houſe, of the laſt new tranſlation
He bare me with him, for his recreation,
There for a maydenhead he plaid a game,
Where eightſcore more before had done the ſame.
There did my Maſter *Knaue*, diſcharge the ſcore,
And went, and left me with my Miſtris *Whore*.
I ſtay'd not in her ſeruice long, for ſhee
Was not two dayes before ſhe ſet me free,
For hauing got a *Frenchified* heate,
She was preſcrib'd a Dyet, and a ſweat,
She gaue me to the *Surgeon*, for ſome *Lotion*
For *Vnguents*, and a gentle working Potion
For Plaiſters, and for Oyntments in a Box,
And ſo I left my Miſtris, with a *Pox*.
The *Surgeon* me to the *Phyſitian* ſent,
From him I to th' *Apothecary* went,
But there I thought that *Hell* I had beene in,
And all the *Fiends* had in his Boxes bin.

For it appear'd to me that all his drugs
Had got the names of the infernall Bugs:
Zarzaparilla, *Colloquintida*,
Auxungia Porci, *Cassia Fistula*,
Egiptiacum, *Album Camphiratum*,
Blacke *Oxicrotium*, and white *Sublimatum*.
But soone my Master freed me from my feare,
He to the Tauerne went, and left me there.
And whilst I in the Vintners house remain'd,
Some knowledge of my Masters state I gain'd,
Let no man say that drunke, my selfe I showe;
For what I speake I vnderstand and knowe.
I'le shew some discommodities that waite
(For the most part) on euery Vintners state.
First, if a rowe of houses stand together,
All of one bignesse form'd, no oddes in either,
If one of them be to a Vintner let,
Amongst the rest at double rent 'tis set.
Next, if French Wine be twenty pounds the Tonne,
But a poore penny in a quart is wonne:
Besides, he sometimes in the Caske doth finde,
Of Lees sixe Gallons, for a Lagge behinde.
And more, when in the Celler it is laid,
The Carmen, and Wine-Porters must be paid.

zers deerer any al- by halfe.

And by misfortune if the Caske be weake,
Three or foure Gallons in the ground may leake,
Or taking vent, it may grow dead and flat,
And then the Vintner little gets by that.
And if he be a fellow of free hart,
He now and then must giue a pint or quart.
His Candles (night and day) are burning still
Within his Seller, lest his Wines should spill:
And if two Kennell-rakers chance to come
To come i'th euening, they must haue a roome,
And ouer one bare pint will sit and prate,
And burne a Candle out (perhaps) thereat,
Whilst all the Drawers must stay vp and waite
Vpon these fellowes be it ne're so late.
The whilst a Candle in the Kitchin wasts,
Another to his end ith' Seller hasts,
One with the Guests, another at the Barre,
Thus for one pint, foure Candles burning are.
By day light, this I haue seene some to doe,
Call for a pint, a Pipe, and Candle to,
By that time he hath done, 'tis quickly counted,
To what large summe the Vintners gaines amounted.
Besides all this, his charge is euer great,
For seruants wages, cloathes, and fire, and meate;

For

For linnen, waſhing, Trenchers, loſſe of Plate,
For Glaſſes broken (by the courſe of Fate)
Beſides, he hath ſome ſcores, which if you looke
They make his poſts looke white, & blacke his booke:
And if a debter ſeau'n long yeares doe ſtay,
But ſixe pence for a quart of wine hee'll pay,
When if a Merchant doe a Vintner truſt,
For the forbearance deere he anſwere muſt.
And when ſome Gueſts haue liquor in their braines,
How they will ſwagger in their roaring ſtraines,
Out goes their ſwords, and by the eares they fall,
And now and then one's nail'd vnto the wall.
The man and's wife abus'd, his ſeruants beaten,
No moneyes pay'd for what is drunke or eaten,
His houſe in queſtion brought, a man is kill'd,
His and his wiues heart both with ſorrow fill'd,
And whereas other Trades their labours end
At night, till midnight He doth ſtill attend,
At euery Groomes commaund officiouſly
He waits, and takes hard words moſt curteouſly.
He that amongſt theſe harmes can purchaſe profit,
Much good may't doe him, he is worthy of it,
My Maſter Vintners Trade, I thought to touch,
Becauſe I cannot thinke his gaines is much,

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of Twelue-pence.

I loue them all, my lines here manifeſts,
And ſo God ſend them honeſt ſober gueſts.
From thence vnto the Wine-Marchant I went,
He preſently me to the Market ſent:
For Butter, and for Egges I was exchang'd,
And to the Countrey with my Dame I rang'd.
Her Husband gaue me to a lab'ring Ditcher,
He to the Alehouſe went, and bang'd the Pitcher.
To ſtay long there, I was exceeding loath,
They vs'd ſo much deceit with nick and froath.
My Maſter Hoſt, vnto the Brewer gaue me,
The Malt-man came on Monday, and would haue me,
He to the Alehouſe brought me backe in haſt,
From thence I quickly to the Baker paſt,
My ſeruice there was very ſhort and briefe,
He plac'd me with a Miller and a Thiefe,
That was a merry Maſter for the nonce,
He got his liuing cogging, with two *ſtones*,
I next dwelt with a Butcher, that had tricks
To liue and thriue by Mutton and by *pricks*.
Thus haue I oft beene toſſed too and fro,
From bad to worſe, from miſery to woe,
From miſerable Slaues, to Prodigalls,
To arrant Theeues, and to good Hoſpitalls,

To

To good and bad, to true men and to Taylers,
To Fidlers, Pipers, Fiſhmongers and Saylers,
To Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Tinkers, Pedlers,
To Fruiterers, for Pipins, Plumbs, and Medlers,
To Silk-men, Sadlers, Turners, Tylers, Glaſiers,
To Tripewiues, Mealmē, Gardners, Graſiers, Braſiers,
To Plummers, Bricklay'rs, Smithes, and Carpenters,
To Dyers, Goldſmithes, and to Playſterers,
To Noble-men, to Water-men, to Ioyners,
To honeſt men, to Knaues, to clipping Coyners.
To Knights, to Beggers, Scriu'ners, Colliers, Lawyers,
To Stationers, to Printers, Silk-men, Sawyers,
To fooles, to wiſe-men, Dunces, and to Doctors,
To Harlots, Varlots, Serieants, Bayliffes, Proctors,
To Papiſts, Proteſtants, and Puritans,
To Traytors, Subiects, Matchiuillians,
To Catchpoles, Beadles, Iaylors, Ironmongers,
To Cookes (whoſe labours do aſſwage mens hungers,
To Cuckolds, Bawdes, to greaſie Pimps and Panders,
To Cowards, valiant men, and ſtout Commanders.
To Fiſhers, Fowlers, Shepheards, Queriſters,
To Feather-makers, Girdlers, Barriſters,
To Players, Bearewards, Fencers, to good fellowes,
To thoſe that make no breath, yet can make bellowes.

To

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of Twelue-pence.

To Pewt'rers, Shoomakers, and Buttonmakers,
To Marshals men, and dirty kennell-rakers.
To Leather-sellers, Armourers, and Curriers,
To Iuglers, Iesters, Masons, Barbars, Spurriers,
To Woodmongers, to Tapsters, and to Salters,
To Ropemakers, for Cables, Ropes and Halters,
To Paynters, Poynters, Hackney-men and Skinners,
To Hearb-wiues, Fish-wiues, & such scolding sinners,
To Cutlers, Parrators, to Posts, to Iudges,
To Druggists, Felmongers, and to toyling Drudges,
To Hatters, Powlterers, Coniurers, and Farmers,
To Priests, Clerks, Sextanes, Sorcerers, and Charmers,
To Bowyers, Chaundlers, and Astronomers,
To Gulls, to Gallants, and Embroyderers,
To Basket-makers, Milke-maydes, Iewellers,
To Comfit-makers, and Soliciters,
To Yeomen, Hostlers, and to vnder Shrieues,
To Millainers, to Chamberlaines, and Thieues,
To Cappers, Faulkners, Plow-men, Haberdashers,
To Coopers, Weauers, Scullions, Coblers, Thrashers,
To Hunts-men, Gunners, Grauers, Rhethoritians,
To Coachmen, Tuckers, Potters, and Musitians,
To Reapers, Spinners, Caruers, and Suruayors,
To Orators, to Cariers, and Puruayors,

Heere are a strange gal mawfrey o Twelue-pe ces Maste hon est mo and Knau like hearb and weede in a Hotch potch.

To

To Clothiars, to Logitians, Mowers, Shermen,
To Clockmakers, Collectors, Miners, Carmen,
Tobacco-ſellers, Netmakers, men, Boyes, (*Decoyes*,
To *Sharkes*, *Stales*, *Nims*, *Lifts*, *Foyſts*, *Cheats*, *Stands*,
T'a *Cut-purſe*, and a Pocket picking Hound,
To as mad Rogues as euer trod on ground.
To married men, to Batchellers, to Lads;
To ſober Fellowes, and to drunken Swads,
To Maydes, to Wiues, to Widdowes, and to Whores,
To liberall mindes, and hungry hide-bound Bores,
To Midwiues, Chimney-ſweepers, Beadles, Nurſes,
To Seampſters, Laundreſſes, and Goſſips purſes,
To Drummers, Draymen, Pyrates, Drawers, Glouers,
To Trumpets, Whitſters, Ratcatchers, and Drouers,
To Hang-men, Side-men; to Churchwardens, Cryers,
To Fluits, Horſe-courſers, Sellers, and to Buyers,
To Priſoners, to Night-farmers, and to Broome-men,
To all eſtates of Forraigners and Free-men:
I could name more, if ſo my Muſe did pleaſe,
Of Mowſe Traps, and tormentors to kill Fleas:
For Ballads, Table-bookes, and Conny-skins,
For ends of Gold and Siluer, Poynts and Pins:
For Knights, and Madames made of Ginger-bread,
And many a ſtale and muſty maydenhead.

Theſe

# of Twelue-pencee.

Theſe Maſters haue I ſeru'd, and thouſands more
Of all degrees and Trades, on ſeas and ſhore.
And amongſt all the places that I had,
Whereas I found one good, I got ten bad:
If I did ſerue a poore man but one day,
I ſiue yeare (for it) with the rich would ſtay,
I haue bin *Twelue-pence* ſeauenty od long yeare,
And to the world, I'le make it plaine appeare,
That where I had one Maſter lou'd the poore,
I had ten Drunkards, that did loue a Whore,
For each houres ſeruice good men had of mee,
To my great griefe I ſeru'd bad people three.
I weare the Kings badge, yet flie from the King,
And to a Miſers Cheſt I profit bring.
The words I haue are Latine, which implies
That I ſhould waite vpon the learn'd and wiſe,
But for one Scholler, that can vnderſtand,
I haue ſeru'd twenty Artleſſe fooles command.
My ſeruice to the *Poets* haue bin euill,
I ranne more ſwift from them, then from the Deuill,
I know not well the cauſe, but they and I
Together long could ne're keepe company.
I haue a true excuſe that will defend me, (me.
They * loue mee not, which makes e'm quickly ſpend

* *Poets and money are i emulation.*

But

But there's no great loue lost 'twixt them and mee,
VVe keepe asunder, and so best agree.
They that doe loue me best beyond * Sea dwell,
For there I am like to a soule in hell,
From whence there's no returning, and so I
In the Low Countries or in *Germanie*,
If they doe get me once vpon their shore,
'Tis ten to one I ne're see *England* more.
I haue seru'd Cut-purses, and high-way Fellowes,
And I haue brought ten thousand to the Gallowes,
Were he the arrantst Thiefe that euer 'twang'd,
For my loue he would venture to be hang'd.
Some Scriueners, and some Post Knights (it appeares)
For louing me too much, haue lost their eares,
There's many a reuerend Bawde rode in a Cart,
For bearing vnto me a louing hart.
There's many a sweet-fac'd Punk hath bin perplext,
Whip'd, and behinde her * back, much grieu'd & vext,
Some of my Masters would take paines to haue me,
And like to Barbars, wash, clip, * poll, and shaue me,
In this I onely differ from a Whore,
We both haue wicked followers great store:
The Whore they may kisse, clip and coll, and strip,
Me they may safely kisse, but neuer clip.

Our Eng. to Coyne is all belou'd ond Seas.

When a Whore is whip'd, shee vex'd behinde her backe.

And

And now and then, like immitating Apes,
With Braſſe, Tin, Iron, they'd counterfeit my ſhapes.
They lou'd me more then honeſty requires,
But commonly the Hangman payes their hires.
Thus though I be but of a ſmall account,
I haue had power to make my Maſters mount,
And ſome againe (by their owne bad endeuour)
I haue had power to ſinke them downe for euer.
To ſome I am (in comming) ſlowe as Lead,
But quicke as *Quick-ſilver*, againe, ſoone fled.
Suppoſe that any miſchiefe that could be,
Had lately bin by th'onely meanes of me,
As caſting good men into great diſtreſſe,
T'vndoe the Widdow, and the Fatherleſſe,
A long delaide ſute, longer to prolong,
Or hang'd a guiltleſſe man, that did no wrong:
Corrupted a chaſte *Mayd*, intic'd a Wife
To folly, and to loath her Husbands life:
If I had bin the meanes to worke all this,
Or ten times more ſuch actions of amiſſe,
Yet doe I looke as white as Innocence,
And neuer bluſh, at the moſt vile offence.
Nay more, there's none will (for my faults) refraine me,
But euery one will ſtraitway entertaine me.

If treaſon (through my means) be thought or wrought,
I neuer am vnto my triall brought:
For I haue had the triall touch before,
And am ſo knowne, I ſhall be tride no more.
For though I be in ill, chiefe formoſt Actor,
No man ſuſpects me for a malefactor,
And if there be one man that will reueale me,
There are at leaſt ten thouſand will conceale me.
Indeed I was a *Pagan** borne at firſt,
And ſince in Chriſtendome I haue beene nurſt,
So they might haue me to encreaſe their pelfe,
Many are turn'd, worſe Pagans then my ſelfe.
For I no God or diety did know,
To whom I ſhould my loue and ſeruice ſhow:
But they forſake their God, whom they know well,
And make a God of me, an Infidell.
So, though I be but of a Heathen ſtate,
I am no baſe *Apoſtate*, Reprobate.
Looke on the hearbs, the flow'rs, the fruits, the Trees,
Fowles of the ayre, the painefull lab'ring Bees,
And aske their Owners why they breed and ſpring,
His anſwere is, they muſt him *money* bring.
Note but the toyling Plow-man, he is ſowing
He's hedging, ditching, raking, reaping, mowing,

Goes

h
Siluer firſt
und a-
ongſt Pa-
ins and
Heathen.

# of Twelue-pence.

Goes to bed late, and riſes before day,
And all to haue my company, hee'll ſay.
For me with dagled Gownes, and dirty ham'd,
The Hall at *Weſtminſter*, ith' Tearme is cram'd,
Such writing, running, ſweating, interceading,
Remouing Cauſes, Pleading, Counter-pleading,
Aske the cauſe why, the anſwere true will be,
Their wrangling and their ſtrife is all for me.
Looke in the Towne, how folkes throng to and fro,
So thicke, one cannot for another goe,
And how the Shops with Wares are furniſh'd out:
How euery one ſtares, pryes, and gapes about.
Demaund the reaſon, all will anſwere make,
They watch, and waite, cauſe they would money take.
I know not why my reputation's ſuch,
But ſtill my credit hath beene wondrous much,
I am more willing taken, now and then
Then a ſeal'd Bond, of any * Aldermen,
For by long proofe, the Prouerbe true doth ſay,
That *ready money euer will away.*
I am no worſe then I haue beene of old,
When thrice my worth, for me was bought and ſold,
For I could once haue paide a quarters rent
For a ſmall Garden, and a Tenement,

All men bour for ney, bu. with a l deuotion

* *Ready ney is as as any m Bond.*

And that (for me) of Barly, Wheat or Rye,
Three times as much as now a man might buy:
The cauſe why now I not ſo much attaine,
Is (that I am not lighter halfe a graine)
But that through greedineſſe, and hatefull pride,
I ſtill am ill imployde, and worſe applide:
For though the world be in a tott'ring ſtate
Yet am I conſtant alwayes at one rate,
Let houſe, land, cloathes, food, high or lower riſe,
I am in value, alwayes at one ſiſe,
Raiſe the price vp, or let it fall downe lowe,
A ſhilling is but *Twelue pence*, all men knowe.
I am the ſame I was, 'tis onely men
Haue loſt the conſciences they harbour'd then.
I might (as they might vſe me) be a bleſſing,
And they make me the cauſe of their tranſgreſſing,
Some to obtaine me into miſchiefe runne,
And ſome to ſpend me haue deſtruction wonne:
There's many a Maſter, where I vs'd to dwell,
That tooke delight (with me) to purchaſe hell.
And all the vicious wayes they ranne aſide,
They made the deuill and I, their onely guide:
(Perhaps) their Fathers went to hell to haue me,
And their mad heires, runne the ſame way to leaue me,

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e pence.

e I ſpeake
rally of
ſey.

of Iwelue-pence.

The whilſt a haire-braind'd needy crew beſet me,
And gallop to the deu'll amayne, to get me.
Thus vilely, how to get, and keepe, and ſpend me,
Three quarters of the world doe ſtill attend me.
I haue made Mariages in many a place,
Where hath bin neither beauty, wit, or grace,
All's one for that, I am of that high price,
I can make vice ſeeme vertue, vertue vice.
I am of that great power, and high command,
In ioyning houſe to houſe, and land to land:
That where one hath a dwelling to abide,
One hundred knowes not where their heads to hide:
And as one may three hundred Tenants haue,
Fiue hundred knowes not where to haue a graue.
For though from *Earth* man hath originall,
And to the *Earth*, from whence he came doth fall,
Though he be Earth, and can claime nought but earth,
(As the fraile portion due vnto his birth)
Yet many thouſands that the earth doth breed,
Haue no place (certaine) where to lodge or feed:
In which reſpect mens pleaſures are behinde
The Birds, and Beaſts, for they contentment finde
With the prouiſion that dame Nature giues,
Free (without money) euery Creature liues,

Their foode, attire, their Caues, dens, holes, and neſts
They haue, and hold, as their owne intereſts.
And man, that hath a reaſonable ſoule,
Whoſe reaſon countermaunds each beaſt and fowle,
Within whoſe face, a Maieſtie is ſeated,
Beyond all Creatures that were e're created;
Yet let him but want *money*, and 'tis plaine,
He's th'onely briefe and abſtract of diſdaine,
Deſpiſed, ſcorn'd, deiected, and contemn'd,
And round about with miſeries behem'd.
Search all the worlds Records from age to age,
And view Times variable Pilgrimage:
Note that though Fortune (in her tott'ring guiſe)
Hath play'd at Foot-ball with great Monarchies,
Yet ſhall you finde how euer States haue varied,
How euer things were caried or miſcaried,
That *money* ſtill bare the commanding ſway,
To whom both right and wrong, and all obay.
Should all the Witches in the whole world ſit
In Counſell, and imploy their damned wit,
And haue the aydes of all the fiends in hell,
With many a mumbling Necromantick ſpell,
And all this toyle and paines of theirs ſhould be,
To bring *Pecunia* into infamie,

To

# of Twelue-pence.

To caſt my Lady *Argent* in diſgrace,
And make ſome other thing ſupply her place:
The fruits of all their labours they ſhould finde,
Would be like throwing feathers 'gainſt the winde:
For in mans heart 'tis rooted with ſuch loue,
That nothing elſe but Death can it remoue.
And many humane reaſons doth approue it,
That aboue all things earthly he ſhould loue it.
Do'ſt thou want honour, *money* ſtraite will buy it,
Although ten thouſand needy Slaues enuie it.
Would'ſt haue an office thy eſtate to reare,
Money will helpe thee to't man, neuer feare:
Do'ſt want wit how to guide and gouerne it?
If thou haſt *money* thou canſt want no wit.
Art thou a damned Matchiuillian,
Thy *money* makes thee held an honeſt man.
Haſt thou a ſcuruie face, take this of me,
If thou haſt *money* 'tis not ſeene in thee.
Would'ſt haue a whore, a Coach, ſmoke, drink or dice?
Money will bring thee all at any price.
Would'ſt haue all pleaſures in variety,
Money will thy inſatiate wants ſupply:
Then ſeeing *money* can doe what it will,
Haue not men reaſon to regard it ſtill?

The Trauels

Some thinges there are that *Money* cannot win,
But they are thinges men take ſmall pleaſure in;
As Heau'n, and a good Conſcience, Vertue, Grace,
Hee that loues *Money*, cannot theſe imbrace.
For he whoſe heart to *Money*, is inclin'd,
Of thinges Cœleſtiall hath but little minde.
If *Money* were a Woman, I doe ſee
Her Caſe moſt pitty pittifull would bee,
Becauſe I thinke ſhee would no louers haue,
Except a Gowty miſerable Knaue:
One that all night would by her lye and Grone,
Grip'd with the Collicke, or tormenting Stone,
With ſtinking, Coughing, Grunting, ſpitting, ſpauling,
And nothing but Contagious Catterwalling.
Beſides hee'd be ſo Ielalous day and night,
He would not ſuffer her goe out of's ſight:
That ſure I thinke her Caſe farre worſe would be
Then is the Turkiſh Galley ſlauery.
For none but ſuch as thoſe whome Age hath got,
Are in the Loue of *Money* extreame hot.
And when as *Hearing*, *Sent*, and *Taſt*, and *Sight*,
Are gone, yet *Feeling Money's* their Delight.
The whileſt a Young-man, full of ſtrength and pride,
Would make her Goe by water, Run and Ride,

Force

# of Twelue-pence.

Force her in all thinges to supply his neede,
For Recreation, or to Cloath and Feede,
Compell her to Maintaine him fine and Braue,
And in a word make her his Drudge or Slaue,
And all his Loue to her would bee so so,
For hee'd but kisse her, and so let her goe.
Thus if *It* were a Woman as I say,
Her Case were Lamentable euery way:
For Olde men within Doores would euer worr'y her,
& Youngmen round about the world wold hurry her.
That were she matchd with either young or old,
Her miseries would still be manifold.
But this Commaunding bright Imperious Dame,
Vsde well or ill, Shee's euermore the same:
Locke her, or let her loose, she Cares not which,
She still hath power the whole world to bewitch.
I call to minde, I heard my *Twelue-pence* say,
That hee hath oft at *Christmas* bin at play:
At Court, at th'Innes of Court, and euery where
Throughout the Kingdome, being farre and neere.
At *Passage*, and * *Mumchance*, at *In* and *in*,
Where Swearing nuth bin Counted for no Sinne,
Where *Fullam high* and * *Low-men* Bore great sway,
With the quicke helpe of a *Bard Cater Trey*.

Strange a ration.

And twen games more

False Dic

My

The Trauels

My ſhilling ſaid ſuch ſwaggering there would be
Amongſt the wrangling Knaues for me (quoth he)
Such ſhoueing, ſholdring, thruſting, thronging, ſetting,
Such ſtriuing, crowding, iuſtling and ſuch betting,
Such ſtorming, fretting, fuming, chafing, ſweating,
Refuſe, renounce me, damne me, ſwearing, cheating,
So many heauy curſes, plagues and poxes,
Where all are loſers, but the Butlers boxes:
That ſure in hell the Deuils are in feare,
To curſe and to blaſpheme as they doe there.
Whilſt without touch of conſcience, or of ſence,
They abuſe th' Almighties great Omnipotence,
And all this wicked ſtirre that they doe make,
Is *me* from one another how to rake.
That though I were a Pagan borne, I ſee
They make themſelues much worſe, to pocket me.
Theſe Gameſters make this time, a time of mirth,
In memory of their bleſt Sauiours birth:
Whoſe deare remembrance, they doe annually
Obſerue with extreame odious gluttony,
With gurmondizing beaſtly belly filling,
With ſwiniſh drinking, and with drunken ſwilling,
With Ribald Songs, Iigges, Tales, & gawdy cloathes,
With bitter curſings, and moſt fearefull Oathes,

That

ly ſhilling
to Puritan
all this.

peake not
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t mirth,
endly Ga-
ng, nor

# of Twelue-pence.

That ſure my *ſhilling* ſaith, the Heathen will
Not entertaine the deuill halfe ſo ill;
But worſhip *Sathan* in more kinde behauiour,
Then ſome profeſſed Chriſtians doe their Sauiour.
In *Saturnes* raigne when money was vnfound,
Then was that age with peace and plenty crown'd,
Then mine was thine, Thine mine, and all our liues,
All things in common were, except our wiues.
But now the caſe is altred (as they ſay)
Quite topſie-turuy the contrary way:
For now mens wealth is priuately kept cloſe,
The whilſt their wiues are commonly let loſe.
For he whom loue of *money* doth beſot
For's owne ſoule, or's wiues body, much cares not.
It bewitch'd *Achan* at the ſiege of *Ai*, Ioſhua 7.
For which the Iſraelites did loſe the day:
It made *Gehezie* falſe in his affaires, 2. Kings 5.
And gain'd the Leproſie for him, and's heires,
It with th'Apoſtle *Iudas* bore ſuch ſway,
That it made him the Lord of life betray;
And *Ananias* and his wretched wife, Acts 5.
By ſuddaine death it made them loſe their life;
And Diuine ſtories, and prophane, recite
Examples of ſuch matters infinite,

good cheere
but againſt
the vnlaw
full vſe of
theſe Recre
tions, and a
buſe of Go

'Tis

'Tis ſaid in *Salomons* Dominions,
Kings. 10. That Siluer was as plenty as the Stones:
7. But ſure the Sinne of Couetiſe was not
Amongſt them either borne, or ſcarce begot.
For all that Siluer, and a great deale more,
Rak'd and Rip'd from the *Europian* ſhore,
From *Aſia*, and Sun-parched *Africa*,
And from the wombe of vauſt *America*,
Purcas. From which laſt place the Potent King of *Spaine*,
Eleuen Millions in one yeare did gaine,
And from *Pottozzy* Mines he Dayly had
Three hundred thirty thouſand Ryals made.
To ſpeake what mighty ſummes King *Dauid* won,
And left them vnto *Salomon* his Son,
Chron. 22. Of Gold one hundred thouſand Talents fine,
A Tallent of Siluer one Thouſand thouſand, from the Mine,
Golde is in Beſides from *Ophir* he had at the leaſt,
ualue 600. Three thouſand Golden talents of the beſt.
rownes.
oſeph in the *Ioſephus* doth of *Dauids* Tombe thus write,
th. Booke of How th'hidden Treaſure there was infinite,
is Antiqui- The Baſons, Candleſtickes, and Cenſors all,
ies. Lampes, Organs, Inſtruments moſt Muſicall,
Ports, Altar, Tables, Hindges the Gates to holde,
They were all made of pure Refined Golde.

Beſides

# of Twelue-pence.

Beſides 600. Shields and Targets more,
The King cauſde all with Golde bee plated o're.
Beſides the Richnes of his Royall Throne,
The like whereof elſewhere [a] was neuer none.
When the Great *Macedonian* did ſubdue
Darius, [b] and his haples *Perſian* Crew,
'Tis ſaid his Treaſure did ſo much abound,
Twenty nine thouſand Tallents there was found.
And more he ſaith (if we may Credit this)
How that in *Suſa* and [c] *Perſepolis*
They found, of Siluer to Encreaſe their ſtore,
One hundred ſeauenty thouſand Talents more.
When *Cirus* Conquer'd *Creſſus*, [d] *Creſſus* loſt
Three hundred Millions of good Golde almoſt,
'Tis writ that *Midas* [e] Treaſure ſo amounted
Innumerable, not to be Accounted,
Sardanapalus an *Aſſirian* [f] King
Neere eight ſcore Millions to the Fire did bring.
VVhere Fifteene dayes did burne his houſe, and pelfe,
His whores, and ('mongſt the reſt) his wretched ſelfe.
And *Plutarch* ſaith, *Marke* [g] *Anthony* ſpent cleare
Of Golde, full Sixe ſcore Millions in one yeare.
VVhat ſhould I ſpeake of *Cleopatraes* Treaſures,
Or wealth, or Triumphs of the Roman *Ceſars*.

[a] *And ſ. the Captan. 5000. T. lents, and 10000. pe ces of Gold and 1000 talents of Si uer, beſid Braſſe and I ron.*

[b] *Quint. Curtius.*

[c] *2 Citties in Perſia.*

[d] *About 60. Millians of Crowns.*

[e] *A King o Phrigia.*

[f] *A moſt Licentious Prince.*

[g] *Of Crowns which was much of it for Soldiers pay.*

Or

Or what they were whoſe riches haue bin ſuch,
Or who they are that now poſſeſſe too much,
But here's the queſtion, ſeeing times of old
Did yeeld ſuch ſtore of ſiluer and of gold,
And ſeeing daily more and more is found,
Digg'd in abundance from the ſolide ground,
I muſe which way the deuill all is gone,
That I, and thouſand thouſands can haue none.
I know my ſelfe as able to abuſe it,
As any man that knowes well how to vſe it,
But ſure I neuer ſhould my Maſter make it,
But as my ſeruant take it, and forſake it.
I haue deſcribed in particular
What *Twelue-pence* is, how it hath trauell'd far:
How to all ages, Sexes, Trades, and Arts,
It comes and goes, it tarries and departs:
I could tell further how it doth command,
In preſſing men to ſerue by ſea or land,
How Bakers thirteene penny loaues doe giue
All for a ſhilling, and thriue well and liue.
How it a pottle of good Clarret buyes,
How 'tis a quart of rich Canaries priſe,
How for a thouſand things 'tis daily ranging,
And is ſo round a ſumme, it needes no changing,

ſhilling is Preſſema-r.

How

of Twelue-pence.

How vp and downe the world he ſtill doth firrit,
And takes no more reſt then an ayery ſpirit.
Then at the laſt my Muſe to minde doth call,
The mighty power of *money* in generall,
And how all ages ſtill haue had good ſtore,
Muſing the cauſe my ſelfe can haue no more.
And *Money* hauing writ all this for thee,
Shew not thy ſelfe ingratefull vnto mee:
But as I know thou canſt, ſo preethee grant
That when I want thou wilt ſupply my want,
Reward thy Poet, that doth ſet thee forth,
I'le loue thee ſtill, according to thy worth.

FINIS.

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